Lambda: Point of Control

by TheMezzerino

1. Chapter 1

**Important Notes: For this story, the events of Black Mesa occurred
in 2015, and Jay was born in 1999. It is now 2025. Gordon comes back
ten years early, I know, but it fits the story better. This fic was
inspired by another called Uprising by SergeantLawson, go check it
out!**

The apartment wasn't exactly the best on in the city. A small three
room affair, with a toilet, a kitchen and an open room that had a
mattress, a couch and a small TV and a busted window. Sitting on the
couch was a man in his mid-twenties with jet-black hair, sapphire
eyes and no bristle. This was uncommon for a citizen, for razors were
rare because of their possible use as a weapon. But Jay was lucky. He
kept his razor under a floorboard, along with a can of corn, a
Trautman hunting knife and a USP 45. Jay was well prepared for the
event that the Combine decided to kill off someone in the
block.

Jay's POV

A knock at the door gave me a shock. I looked up from the Newspaper
filled with Combine propaganda to see Ryan poke his head through the
door. Ryan lived in the apartment next to mine. He was a tall, strong
black man, ad he spoke like one too.

"Sup bro, what's hanging?" As he spoke, he walked into the kitchen
and dropped a frying pan on the stove.

"Same old combine shit. Breen apparently got a new carpet. Not that

anyone gives a damn." I replied, folding up the newspaper and chucking it out the window. It landed in an oil barrel filled with other papers and flammable material. The apartment was planning on having a bonfire tomorrow night. What was actually happening was some people were leaving to go join the resistance. While the CPs were distracted with the fire, they would exit through the back. Ryan and I were going with them. Ryan was frying bacon as I wrenched up one of the loose floorboards. I moved my stash to another loose floorboard. Never could bo too careful. Suddenly, there was a crash downstairs, a sharp gunshot, the squeal of a CP radio, then silence. Ryan and I looked at each other for a moment, then I grabbed my USP and Ryan stuffed the bacon in his mouth. He had his sizzling hot frying pan at the ready. The overwatch's imposing voice rang throughout the building.

"Attention, protection team. Unit down, Anticitizens engaged. Lethal force authorized."

"Aw shit man, those nigga's gonna kill EVERYONE!" Ryan yelled.

"If you keep saying nigger, you'll be first." I replied, checking the hallway. A CP was bashing some poor soul to death with his stunstick, so I fired three shots, only two hitting him. The squealing of his radio told me he was dead. I ran towards the staircase, hearing gunshots from above and below. Ryan sprinted over to the CP and repossesed his USP. We went up the east staircase and caught a glimpse of the third floor. It was absolute shit. The CPs had skipped the second floor and the third floor was an urban warzones. Bullets flew everywhere and a frag grenade was thrown.

"FRAG!" Ryan screamed as we kept running up the staircase. It detonated, causing the whole building to shake. The floor above collapsed, and we reached the roof to see multiple resistance members battling with CPs. They were all wearing different coloured beanies, so I will refer to them as such. The one in the black cap was smacking a CP with an extendable baton, The two yellow caps were firing their MP5's down the hallway. Lime cap looked the most brutal. A night black revolver was in his hand and an MP7 was strapped over his shoulder. He looked towards us, whipped up his revolver and fired with deadly accuracy at a CP who had followed us up the stairs. He beckoned us to come over to him. We obliged.

"What's going on down there?" He asked us.

"Its a warzone. Tons of CPs and I heard one mention a tank..." I trailed off.

"Okay. Guys, were pulling out. Kyle, bring that CP with you."

"Got it boss." Black cap - I mean Kyle replied, dragging the CP towards a hunter chopper with the Lambda symbol sprayed onto it. I climbed in after Lime cap and Ryan was last in. The rotors spun up and before I knew it we were in the air. I saw a tank rolling in the streets below as its cannon aimed upwards towards the chopper. It fired, missing the chopper by a meter. We were out of its range before it could fire again. Kyle beckoned to me and Ryan to follow him. We followed him into the back room of the helicopter.

"Name's Kyle. I'm the stealth expert here. And you are?" He asked us. I answered first.

"I'm Jay, and my friend here is Ryan." I pointed at Ryan, who had grabbed a PKP LMG out of one of the storage units and was holding it like it was fried chicken. Ryan loved chicken, which was pretty rare nowadays.

"The two in the yellow beanies are Max and Jake. They're our support. Lime beanie is Mez. He's the leader and a total badass. Rumour has it he helped Gordon Freeman get through Black Mesa. Anyway, feel free to pick some weapons out of the storage. Your friend already has." I turned around to see Ryan had pulled on Kevlar body armour, including arm and leg pads. I looked around and found an old H.E.C.U Flak jacket with a single hole in the shoulder.

Black Mesa Research Facility, New Mexico Desert, 2015.

"Don't shoot! If you just give me a moment I can provide you with my ID car-" My MP5 jolted in my hand as the scientist fell to the ground.

"This just doesn't seem right." I mused. My squadmate James stood next to me, looking at the scientist. "Killing monsters? Hell yeah! But innocent civilians? Who the fuck ordered this operation anyway?"

"Hey, what do you know about Freeman?" He asked.

"What? Oh. They say... That he was at Ground Zero."

"The chamber? You don't think... He caused it?"

"I don't know... But one things for sure. He's killing my buddies. And for that he's going to pay."

"Oh yeah, he'll pay. He'll definitely pay." The moment that phrase was out of my mouth, I heard a slight movement. I knew immediately someone was watching us.

"Recon, go." We spread out, looking around. I heard a magnum shot and looked to my left. Next to an air vent stood Freeman and James, who was no longer breathing. I emptied my magazine and hit Freeman a few times but his shields prevented him from taking any real damage. He fired his magnum but missed and climbed into another air vent. I reloaded my MP5 and emptied it into the air vent. A magnum bullet flew out of the vent and hit me on the shoulder.

"Ahhh, fuck!" I yelled. I looked at my shoulder to see blood seeping out of a hole in the flak jacket I was wearing. My vision began to blur as I moved towards a health kit laying on an ammunition crate. I almost reached it when I blacked out.

Present Day

I fitted on the flak jacket and grabbed a M4 Carbine from the wall. I reloaded my USP and picked up a box of 5.56 NATO rounds and stashed it in a backpack. A little more rummaging revealed a deep blue beanie which I put on. I walked out into the middle of the chopper just in time for the chopper to be rocked sideways by a combine gunship. I fell over and saw Ryan emerge from the weapon storage with a laser-controlled RPG in his hand. He opened the side bay doors and

fired, the rocket hitting the gunship in the side. It began to spin towards us.

"Aw shit, nigga."

   2. Chapter 2

I woke up on the shore of Highway 17, the water lapping at my feet. My vision cleared as I remembered what happened. I looked around to see the chopper had smashed into the cliff and was now firmly stuck. My carbine lay on the sand a meter from me. I stood up groggily and almost fell over. My USP had been bent slightly, rendering it useless. I threw it away and walked over to the chopper. I saw that most of the others had been thrown out of the chopper, except for Kyle, who I hoped was still alive. I walked over to Mez, whose leg was stuck under part of the rear rotor. I lifted it off him as he woke up.

"You okay?" I asked him.

"Yeah, just a little roughed up." The others were beginning to regain consciousness and get up. I noticed Ryan's frying pan was dented. Shame, he really liked that thing.

"Okay people, when everyones ready we follow the beach north. If we can make it to Black Mesa East I think we'll be fine. Wait, where's Kyle?"

"I'm up here!" Kyle had stuck his head out of the crashed chopper. "I got flung into the storage closet."

"Can you jump from there?" One of the few times Mez looked genuinely worried was when one of his squadmates was in danger.

"Yeah, I can make it. 5 meters is nothing." Kyle jumped onto the side of the cliff then onto the sand. We all started walking along the beachside. Ryan was looking at his frying pan with a sad look on his face. I went over to him.

"It's okay man, we'll get you a new pan. Hey, that rhymed!" Ryan continued to look sadly at his pan.

"Come on bud, cheer up! Theres plenty more pans in the kitchen. Eh? See what I did there?" Kyle laughed at his own joke. I suddenly stopped laughing.

Something felt… off.

I brought up my carbine, clearing the area before looking at our surroundings. Mez noticed, and drew out his magnum.

A glint of blue in the distance made me squint. On a ledge was an Overwatch sniper, ready to fire.

At the same time, Kyle noticed him.

"SNIPER!" We both yelled. I started firing my Carbine at the sniper as Kyle rolled to the left, but he was too late. The 50 cal armour-piercing round travelled straight through his chest and into the sand.

"Fuck!" I yelled, taking cover behind a large rock. The sniper retreated behind cover, and Mez grabbed the SSG 552 slung over his back. I ran over to Kyle, who was bleeding out on the sand. Jake was already there with a medkit, but he couldn't do anything. The round had pierced one of Kyle's lungs. Two gunshots and the distant sound of a body falling a great distance were heard.

"There's nothing we can do." Kyle breathed out for the last time. Mez walked over saluted, and everyone else followed suit. Since we didn't have much time, we dug a shallow grave. After that, we kept moving along the beach, everyone silent from then on. We walked for an hour as it steadily got darker when we finally reached the canal. The entrance to Black Mesa East was well guarded, as always, but for some reason there was a combine patrol boat sitting outside. Mez walked over and hit the blast door toggle. The doors slowly grinded open just as Colonel Jackson announced the shift swap over the P.A.

"Well look who it is. How ya been, Mez?" The shotgunner said upon seeing Mez.

"Not bad, Dante. Not bad. Meet some new faces: Jay and Ryan." Mez replied.

"Wow, Ryan is a popular name. We just had Freeman bring in a Combine boat pilot named Ryan. Hes up with the brass. Hey, where's Kyle?" We were all silent for a moment until Max spoke up.

"He got sniped." Max said quietly. Dante sat down.

"Shit man, he was a cool guy." We continued into the base, leaving Dante behind. Our group went to the mess hall to grab a bite to eat. Ryan was munching loudly on some chicken, I was eating some bread and cheese and Mez was sitting in the corner, eating a burger. The doors opened, and in stepped Gordon Freeman. Mez immediately stood up and saluted. I was a little slower, and Gordon motioned for us to sit back down. He walked over and grabbed a can of lemonade from the fridge. He then walked over to Mez, who talked to him for a bit before he left again. I left the mess a bit after that, hovering through the hallways. I didn't have a room to go to so I joined the entrance guards. Thats when the shit hit the fan. Dante exited the door to check the outskirts. He had been gone for a few minutes and we started to wonder where he had gone.

"Hey, wheres Dante? Wasn't he supposed to be back by now?" I wondered out loud.

"He won't be back anytime soon." A synthesised female voice said from

out of nowhere. "Spook!" Yelled out one of the guards, a moment before a bullet went through his neck. Spooks were the name we gave to the elite Combine assassins known as Phantom Squad. Equipped with suppressed Five-seveN's and a cloaking device, they were one hell of a force to be reckoned with. The other guard leapt towards the alarm toggle, but was blocked by something invisible. His stomach seemed to burst open as an invisible knife went straight through it. I dashed into the hallway, smacking the emergency toggle on the blast doors. They crashed down, waking up the guard sitting in the camera room. I signaled him to let me in, and he did.

"Whats going on?" He asked me.

"There's a spook in the entrance room. Sound the general alert." The blast doors slowly began to open again as the klaxon began to ring through the base. I exited the camera room to see a squad of Combine infantry armed with FN2000's pushing through the door. I opened fire, mowing them all down while they didn't expect it. I knew more would be coming so I turned around and fled back into the base. I ran into Mez on the way out.

"There's never a moment of fucking peace around here!" Mez yelled.

"Infantry coming through the front. I wouldn't go that way." I said, grabbing onto his shoulder.

"Were there any spooks?" He asked me. I nodded. "Shit." He fumbled with his transmitter.

"Guys, we are pulling out. There is an gunship on the way. Only way out is through Ravenholm. Meet me at the entrance." He fumbled with it again. "Gordon, are you there?" Mez was answered with static. "Gordon? Can you hear me?" No reply. "God dammit! The gunship is in range. We have to leave NOW!" Mez started to sprint down the hallway. An unlucky combine shotgunner rounded the corner at the worst moment because Mez dropkicked him, snatching his shotgun. It was then I noticed he didn't have his MP7 with him. We kept running, and when we passed the mess hall Ryan emerged.

"ITS A MOTHERFUCKING BULLDOZER!" He screamed. Bulldozers were the worst kind of Combine. Before the Incident, Bulldozers were used as heavy swat units. Now they are much worse. This one had a SHRDR Minigun in its hands, already spinning up. We started sprinting a lot faster then before as a hail of minigun bullets flew down the hallway, mostly missing us because miniguns aren't that accurate. We rounded a corner and saw Max and Jake finishing off a squad of combine riflemen. They started to sprint with us, away from the dozer, who had emerged from the corner and flung more bullets down the hall. The stairway was dead ahead, but before we could reach it, an explosion was heard on the next floor down, and the floor caved in. I fell down, smacking my head on the edge of the hole. I landed on my feet but stumbled over.

"Shit, Jake is hit!" I heard Mez yell. I turned around to see Jake had a decent sizeable hole in his stomach.

"Go on... without me... I'll stop the dozer." Jake struggled to breathe. Mez placed some remote triggered C4 on the ground next to Jake and handed him the remote. The rest of us started running

towards the entrance to Ravenholm.

"Fuck em up, Jake." Mez ran to catch up with us.

Jake's POV

I lay there, bleeding out on the ground. The remote for the C4 was in my hand as the Dozer jumped down from the hole. He saw me there, and I heard what could only be a synthesised laugh.

"Hey asshole." I said. The dozer stopped laughing and saw the remote in my hands.

"Bulldoze this."

click

Mez's POV

The explosion from the C4 rocked the facility. I pulled the magnum from my pocket and pistol-whipped a lone combine shotgunner who came out of an adjacent room. Flipping the magnum back around, I fired a shot at the fire door toggle, causing it to close in front of us. Everyone ran through but I was a little behind. I dove through the door as it smashed down behind me. The sound of heavy machine guns could be heard on the surface.

"The airship is here, double time it people!"

Jay's POV

We were running for another five minutes. We were beginning to tire out when I saw light ahead of us. We made it out just as a huge shockwave shook the ground below us. A howl from a zombie could be heard in the distance.

"Well." Mez spoke up first. "Welcome to Ravenholm, folks."

* * *

><p><strong>Npc_sniper OP, pls nerf.<strong>

OC's anyone? Noh? Okey.

~TheMezzerino

    3. Chapter 3

Midnight was lit by the bright moonlight. The area we emerged in was being picked apart by crows, who flew off as soon as we approached. We decided to rest for a bit, then set out while it was still dark. The grass was damp and dark as we walked through the area. We didn't talk much, until I heard something.

"Hold up, I hear something." I said quietly, unholstering my M4 and looking around. I heard it again and turned around to see a headcrab jump onto Ryan's back.

"Ah, shit!" He yelled dropping his PKP. I whipped out my knife and

sliced it clean in half.

"Thanks man." Ryan said, picking his PKP up again.

"I didn't know there were headcrabs this close to the entrance. This place mu-" I cut Mez off, raising my hand for silence. A motor could be heard close by, when someone started speaking in the distance.

"Inequities snares are cunning, but by the Light of Lights, mine are greater still." Mez and Max looked at each other. Mez signaled for us to keep moving, and that we did. We rounded a corner and saw a small engine on the ground, powering a large propeller which was laying horizontally. Two zombies stood on the other side, and started trudging towards us. I lifted my M4 to shoot them, but Mez placed his hand on the barrel of my gun. The zombies continued to walk forward, and were cut clean in half by the spinning propeller. I shuddered, imagining what it would do to a human. Or a combine. That thought made me smile, when the voice rang out through the streets again.

"Woe to all, for our dwelling place is distant, and we wander through the domiciles of Chaos." The path through the town was blocked by a barricade made of metal cabinets, but a door leading into a garage was open to our left. Mez cocked the SPAS 12 he picked up from BME, and led the way in. Another engine sat in that room, but this one wasn't running. A makeshift wooden barricade blocked further progress. I walked up to the propeller trap and crawled underneath the propeller. A small lever was attached to the side. It was pointing up, so I flicked it down. The engine spluttered and the propeller moved a tiny bit. The voice started again.

"My power was lost in places which were not mine. Affliction besought me, and the merciless ones attacked me without cause." I got back up as zombies began to break down the barricade.

"Don't shoot! Find some fuel. I have an idea." I spotted a can sitting under a metal workbench. I ran over, happy to find it was full. Running back over to the engine, I unscrewed the lid. I poured it into the engine and it spluttered again. The propellers started moving as I jumped back and the zombies broke through. They walked right into the trap, literally.

"Although they call me crazy I care not, for thou art my helper, my strength, and my saviour."

"This guy sounds pretty crazy to me." Mez said aloud. Exiting the wooden garage, we walked up the path. We reached a split in a road where a gruesome sight lay ahead of us. Large metal spikes stuck out of the ground and each one had a zombie or headcrab impaled onto it. It was a gruesome sight. The building straight ahead had a balcony. To the left was an electrified fence, and to the right was a barricade. Suddenly, the doors on the balcony flew open, and a zombie fell backwards out of the doorway and impaled itself onto a metal spike. As soon as it touched the metal, gas started emitting from somewhere. A second later, a spark flew up from an igniter and the spikes burst into flames. The voice spoke again, from the balcony.

"But who is this? More lives to save?" An old man stood, clutching an

Annabelle .45 double barrel shotgun. Dressed in complete denim, he had a holy cross hanging from his neck, suggesting he was a monk. He spoke again.

"Make free use of my traps, but take care not to fall in them yourselves." He turned around and walked back into the building. The fire fizzled out and we moved around the spikes and into the building the crazy monk was in. It was a large warehouse with two generators. One had a piece of metal jammed in it. Up a small flight of stairs was a platform with a barricade and a deactivated motion-sensing Combine turret which was facing a large blast door.

"There's no way we're getting through that door without fixing that generator. But in doing that I reckon a shit ton of zombies will hear and come try to kill us. Emphasis on the try, eh?" Mez joked. We all checked our guns, and Ryan pulled the metal out of the generator. He walked over and hit the restart button sitting on the console. The generators spluttered into life, making a hell of a racket. Straight away the roars and groans of zombies could be heard. They shambled through the door we came in as we retreated up to the door. It was rising quite slowly, so Ryan started firing his PKP at the zombies. A few of them fell, but were overtaken fast. The horde was approaching steadily and the blast door had fully opened by the time they got up the stairs. Mez pulled a grenade from his belt as a thin zombie leapt over the normal ones. I nicknamed it a leaper, cuz thats what it did. It leapt. Mez rolled the grenade which jammed itself in the generator. The generator started beeping worriedly again just before it exploded. The blast door came crashing down, trapping the leaper halfway through the door. We got to look at it more closely, and it just looked freaky. Purely thin muscle and bones with longer claws than the other zombies. I hoped that we didn't see anything worse. We continued down the alleyway into a darker part of town. Suddenly, the doors on a balcony above us flung open, and revealed the bat-shit crazy monk we saw before.

"Better and better!" He said, his voice echoing through the alleyway. "I am Father Grigori. You have already met my... Congregation..." He began to laugh a crazy mans laugh. I heard a noise behind me and I whipped around, but Grigori was faster. One shot from his annabelle went straight through the leapers head... or, what was left of it. He retreated back into the building and we kept walking. It was pretty peaceful until reached a dead end. A ladder went up the building to our right, all the way up to the third floor. Mez went first, his Spas-12 hanging from the shoulder-strap. I followed behind, my carbine hanging from my own shoulder-strap. The howl of a leaper reached our ears, followed by many more. My eyes widened in horror as I saw a pack of them running towards the ladder.

"Ryan, hurry the fuck up!" I yelled. He turned around and sprayed his PKP down the alleyway. I kept climbing, allowing Ryan enough room to follow me. He hesitated a moment, then dropped his PKP and hastily started climbing after me. I climbed into the apartment and my eyes widened in horror. A zombie had literally exploded across one of the walls, its blood splashed across it like paint on canvas. A sawblade had decapitated another zombie, and finally, a rebel had been torn apart on the ground, their insides ripped out by the zombies and discarded on the floor. Other than that, the apartment looked ironically neat. The howl of a leaper brought me back to reality, and I scrambled back over to the window, nearly running into Ryan.
>"We gotta get outta here, man. This place is creepy as fuck." Ryan

said, pulling a Desert Eagle out of its holster. Mez kicked open the door and we followed him out and up a spiral staircase. More blood splattered the walls of the staircase, making me shiver. Mez opened the door to the roof and fired two shots in quick succession, blasting a zombie away, its headcrab squealing in pain. The loud report of an AWP rang out nearby, making us look at each other nervously.
"And I thought we were the only sentient things in this shit-hole." James said. I heard movement behind me and spun around to face an AWP's barrel.
>"Don't even think about it."<p>

* * *

><p><strong>I'm back don't kill me for leaving ;_;<strong>

~TheMezzerino

End
file.